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MUSICAL STYLE AND HOW TO CULTIVATE IT.

BY OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

WHAT is style? It seems to me that style is one of those indefinite things that elude description. It belongs to the instinctive rather than to the reasonable side of music. It is a very will-o'-the-wisp; we grasp at it, we think we have it—but, see, our hands are empty and there it is, its light quivering in the next field. Nevertheless, it is real; we cannot deny its existence, even though we cannot handle it to define it. May we not describe it best by analogy? It is the sweet smell of a flower-garden—the fragrance of an open heath—the charm of a gracious woman. The only definition we can give of it is, that it is the mysterious something which welds together different parts into a whole; as the tissue that grows through and around a broken bone cements the separate pieces into a living mass.

Many kinds of style there are, no doubt varieties induced by different influences. Those we will leave in better hands than ours, and take up two main divisions—the true and the false.


Let us go back to the broken bone. We know that when the bone of a limb is broken through, the pieces are pulled out of their right place within the flesh, by the contraction of the muscles, or by the twisting of the limb in the accident. A skilful surgeon will, by the artifices known to him, arrange these pieces in their right line again, and take such means as are in his power to keep them in their place. Here his artifice stops. He cannot mend the bone. Who does that? Nature. Nature throws the growing power into the living bone, and the tissue creeps out and about; the pieces grow together and are overlaid with new bone-stuff, till the foundation of the limb is stronger than ever it was before. That is the true style—a mingling of the forces of artifice and nature.

But there is another kind of setting which we have heard of. The limb is broken—the pieces go astray from their place. No skilful surgeon is near, not even a poor amateur who has been present at a few ambulance lectures, and who might at least lay the limb straight and bind it with an umbrella and a walking-stick. Yet the patient has health and power of life; and nature throws out her tissue over the disarranged pieces. The bone becomes solid again, but in a distorted form. It is nature's unaided work—nature without artifice; and as a piece of art it is a failure, for the style is false. Yet another way. Skill is not wanting to re-arrange the broken bone, and every care is taken; but the patient is too old or too weak in health to throw out the growth needful to cement the bone. The pieces never unite, and the limb is useless for ever. Here is another failure in art. It is artifice without nature.

Now, art of all kinds should have this mingling of nature and artifice. It is nature seen through the atmosphere of the human mind. Time was when nature was looked down upon as an art-factor. "Vulgar makings," or poetry that could be understood by the people, were despised by the artists of Elizabethan times, and music was commended because it was "artificial," or full of artifice. Probably the word did not mean precisely the same then as it does now; but the change is as much a change of thought as a change of the meaning of the word. It is a false style, without life in it. In years further back still, the Romans cultivated the "brutto reale." Nature, without the mental atmosphere thrown over it, was their ideal, and the result was a false style. It is not only in days gone by that these faults are to be found. We hear sometimes of the musician who must write just as nature bids him, and cares not for the experience that has gone before him, wondering how it is that some true artists will not endure his creation.

The truth is, they are inartistic in style. We hear, on the other hand, of a composition faultlessly put together, with every bar in its place, but without a living phrase in it. True artists say, "Very clever," but care not to hear it again. It is in an artificial style.

Now we come to the second part of our title—how are we to cultivate style? Let us answer this by another question: How should we cultivate the sweet smell of a garden? Would a man take bottles of eau-de-Cologne, frangipanni, lavender-water, and all the combined nastiness that weak humanity takes for scent, and throw them all about the ground, hoping they would "come up" in the spring? Would he not rather plant a bed of "cherry-pie" here, a patch of mignonette there; here some tea-roses, there a bunch of pinks and carnations, with violets and primroses to fill up every nook and corner? If, by good fortune, he should have planted his garden by the edge of a heath, whence the wind could blow over heather, pine-trees, and sweet gale into his garden, happy would he be. Then, at the proper season, would not his friends come and draw long breaths of delight, "What a sweet garden! truly a 'box where sweets compacted lie'!" Again, there was once a pretty compliment paid by an old beau. A charming girl asked him how she should make herself charming. His answer

was to write in musical notation  "Be natural". If

he had made his answer at full length he would doubtless have said, "In the name of all that's good and beautiful, don't try, or you will spoil it all. No, you are good, you are gracious, sympathetic, and beautiful: let us hear your sympathetic words, feel your graciousness; let us see your pretty smile and hear your rippling laughter. Show us your beautiful nature and you will charm us all; we want no more." To others less gifted he might say, as we should, "If you try to be charming you will become hypocritical, artificial, affected. Make yourself good, and you will be charming." The same holds good with literary style. I have heard an experienced writer say to a novice: "What are all these words about?" as he put his finger on an unlucky paragraph. The novice pleaded that the words were musical and wanted for the style: he thought people would know what they meant. "Bother the style," was the answer, "mean something; and say what you mean, and no more. Say it clearly, so that it may be read aloud—so that it may be understood by a fool and cannot be misunderstood by a wise man. Then your style will take care of itself; it will be good."

Then let us cultivate musical style in the same way. Let us have something to say, and say it clearly. Let us fill our musical heart with good thoughts, and our musical head with wisdom. Go about among men, women, and children to learn sympathy with their joys and sorrows. Look at the beauty of sky, land, and sea till we seem to see the heaven that is the other side of the picture. Listen to beautiful music till we are imbued with the thoughts of the men who wrote it. Let us study harmony, counterpoint, form, and instrumentation till a flaw in part-writing or an unresolved dissonance gives us a twinge like toothache—till an undecided key creeps down our marrow like a cold shudder, or a weak form makes our head whirl. Write music, and write, and write; and if we have any musical instinct, any faculty of musical invention, our style will grow and weld all in one. It will be the most original and the best that has ever existed for us, because it is our own.

Style, like fame, like the charm of personal influence, must not be sought for its own sake. Never forget that it is, as they are, a result of work, but not an object of work.

HISTORY OF THE PRIMA DONNA.

By H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

(Concluded from page 165.)

At the age of seventeen she was considered fully equipped for appearing before the public; and she accepted an engagement at the Theatre of Lucca, where she sang with the greatest possible success the prima donna part in Galuppi's *Sofonisba*. She at once became, under the name of La Cuochetina, the favourite of the public. Not that there was anything that savoured of the kitchen in her demeanour. "There was such grace and dignity in her gestures and deportment," writes Burney, "as caught every unprejudiced eye; indeed, she filled the stage and occupied the attention of the spectators so much that they could look at nothing else while she was in view." Her voice was of great compass and is said to have been of perfect quality throughout. She seems to have been what in the present day would be called a light soprano; excelling in rapid, brilliant pieces, without being equally successful in passages of expression. The young noblemen of the Duchy of Lucca overwhelmed her with attention; but she preferred to their society that of her comrades in art.

She was invited to sing, one after the other, at all the principal opera-houses of Italy; and, in 1750, she appeared at the San Carlo of Naples, in the *Didone* of Jomelli. Metastasio heard her, and proposed to give her some lessons in the art of declaiming recitative. As he taught his charming pupil he became more and more interested in her. But the famous operatic poet was now fifty-three years of age, and tormented by various maladies; and, in spite of his reputation as an agreeable man, cherished by the powerful and adored by the beautiful in all the Courts of Europe, he was unable to make an impression on the young "cook-girl." At Metastasio's recommendation she was invited to Vienna, and appointed court-singer to the Emperor Francis. Here, as in the various Italian cities where she had sung, she found herself surrounded by admirers from whom, while preserving more or less perfectly the independence of her heart, she accepted without scruple the richest gifts. At Vienna the ambassadors of France and Portugal were the chief competitors for her favours. The Frenchman appears to have considered that he had claims upon her fidelity; and, to satisfy himself whether or not he was deceived, he concealed himself in her house, where, to his indignation, he saw his rival the Portuguese come from her apartment. Instead of killing him, —which, if blood was to be shed, was evidently the proper thing to do,—he attacked Gabrielli herself, and would have run her through the body with his sword but that the point of the weapon was stopped by the whalebone of her stays. In his onslaught, however, he had scratched her; and, at the sight of her blood he collapsed, falling upon his knees, and uttering volleys of imprecations on himself and of prayers to her. She consented to forgive him on condition of his presenting her with the sword with which he had wounded her; intending to preserve it as a trophy, with the following inscription engraved upon it:—"Epée de M—— qui osa frapper la Gabrielli."

A hundred years later, when Alphonse Karr was in like manner struck with a dagger by Madame Louise Colet, a poetess whose verses he had failed to admire, he took the poniard from her hand and placed it above his mantelpiece, with the inscription: "Donné, dans le dos, par Madame Louise Colet." The French Ambassador, however, was to be saved from the reproach prepared for him by Gabrielli. He appealed to Metastasio, who intervened and persuaded the offended singer to surrender the peccant weapon. Brydone, in his *Tour*, is thankful that Gabrielli's faults were apparent to

everyone who approached her; for otherwise, he says, "she must have made dreadful havoc in the world;" though "with all her deficiencies," he adds, "she was supposed to have achieved more conquests than any one woman breathing."

At last she became so capricious that it was difficult to make her sing at all, and almost impossible to make her sing her best. The recognized expedient for bringing out her powers was to place her favourite lover for the time being in a prominent place either in the pit or in one of the boxes. Then, if they were on good terms, which was seldom the case, she would address her tender airs directly to him, and would throw her whole soul into the music. Some fatuous admirer of hers promised Brydone, when he was in Sicily, to show him how perfectly this device acted. But Gabrielli, suspecting, it is said, that he had boasted of his power, would take no notice of him.

The Viceroy of Sicily, wishing to show Gabrielli particular attention, invited her to dinner, and as she did not turn up at the proper time, sent a special messenger to remind her that the hour had come. She was found lying on the sofa reading a book, and she declared that the engagement had entirely escaped her memory. The viceroy was ready to overlook her rudeness; but in the evening, singing at the Opera-house, she showed herself intolerably capricious, acting negligently and singing all her airs in a whisper. The viceroy sent word to her that he was seriously displeased, when she replied that he might force her to cry but could not compel her to sing. At last, exasperated by her obstinacy, he sent her to prison for twelve days. Here she entertained her fellow-captives, paid their debts, gave them money for themselves, and sang her finest songs in the finest style every day until, amid the rejoings of the grateful prisoners, she was liberated.

A few years afterwards the capricious vocalist was again to be incarcerated. This was at Parma, where she was on the best terms with the Infante Don Ferdinand. He made her the most costly presents; and, though he was a hunchback, his munificence reconciled her to his want of personal attractions. He, on the other hand, was tormented by jealousy; and scarcely an hour of the day passed without a quarrel between them. After one of these disputes he locked her up in her room for several days together. On another occasion, when they had had a terrible scene about an English nobleman whose rivalry displeased the prince, Gabrielli called him an "accursed hunchback," upon which the "gobbo maladetto" went out of the room, slammed the door and locked it. Then he ordered her to be carried to prison. But on entering what she supposed to be the gaol she found that the rooms were furnished with the utmost magnificence, and that a number of servants were in readiness to take her orders. The Infante had improvised a prison in his own palace, and Gabrielli had scarcely entered it when he waited upon her, in the hope of making his peace. The enraged singer, however, would have nothing to say to him, and when he left her she got out of a window into a garden, scaled the garden walls, and made her escape.

Gabrielli now went to Russia, where Catherine II. received her with the greatest warmth. When the Empress began to discuss with the prima donna the terms of her engagement and found that they were excessive, she said, in amazement: "Why, I do not give so much to my field-m Marshals." "Then get your field-m Marshals to sing for you," replied Gabrielli. Catherine took the retort in good part, and Gabrielli received the salary she had asked. She left Russia laden with presents, with her pockets full of money, and her jewel-case full of diamonds.

She now visited England, but did not accept the invitation, that had been sent her, without some hesitation. "I should not be mistress of my own will," she said; "and whenever I

might have a fancy not to sing the people would insult and perhaps molest me. It is better to remain unmolested, were it even in a prison." She was now forty-five years of age. She had been singing since the age of seventeen; and it possibly occurred to her that, appearing for the first time on a new stage in an unfamiliar country, she would not meet with success. The disposition not to sing did, as she had anticipated, assert itself. But the English do not seem either to have molested or to have insulted her. During her stay in London she appeared in Sacchini's *Didone*, in Piccini's *Cajo Mario*, and in Vento's *Vestale*. Lord Mount Edgcumbe, who saw her in *Didone*, was not much struck by her singing, while, as to her acting, what he chiefly observed was that she took the greatest possible care of her enormous hoop as she sidled into the flames of Carthage. Brydone declares that she was not caprice alone that prevented her at times from singing. "That wonderful flexibility of voice," he adds, "that runs with such rapidity and neatness through the most minute divisions, and produces almost instantaneously so great a variety of modulation, must assuredly depend on the very nicest tones of the fibres; and, if these are in the smallest degree relaxed or their elasticity diminished, how is it possible that their contractions and expansions can so readily obey the will as to produce these effects?"

Gabrielli made but a brief stay in London. She returned to Italy, where she continued to sing until the year 1780. Thus she remained on the stage until the somewhat advanced age of fifty. She survived her retirement sixteen years. Gabrielli had a sister named Francesca whom she used to take about with her, and who replaced her on those occasions when she was unwilling or unable to sing. With all her caprices she had many good points. She gave largely in charity, and took good care of her parents in their old age. She also paid the expenses of her brother's musical education; though the money so invested was not destined to yield good results. He on one occasion sang at the Argentina Theatre as a tenor. Scarcely had he begun his first air when the audience began to hiss and hoot. Then cries were raised of "Away, you raven!" The singer, however, was not to be put down by vulgar clamour. With the greatest calmness he advanced to the footlights and said:—"You fancy you are mortifying me by hooting me; you are greatly deceived; on the contrary, I applaud your judgment, for I solemnly declare to you that I never appear on any stage without receiving the same treatment, and sometimes much worse."

But I am not writing the history of the tenor; and, the great female singers of the 18th century having now been disposed of, I shall for the present leave the *prima donna* also in peace.

[THE END.]

Reviews.

LIFE OF JOHN HULLAH.*

There is scarcely any impression more widely spread or more unreservedly accepted than that of the general dulness of books on music, including biographies of musicians. A few collections of racy anecdotes compiled by operatic managers have indeed proved amusing, and more than one treatise on the art, undertaken rather with a view to an extensive sale than with due regard to veracity or justice, has caught the public ear. But few and far between are those books on music which have combined with the elements of popularity the earnest artistic aim. The reason of this is not difficult to find; it is due to the fact that, as a race, musicians are among the most illiterate

of mankind. Thoroughly versed as they may be in the technicalities of their own branch of art, it is most rarely that they are found to possess even a superficial knowledge of any other kind of music than their own, while for general information, or even a smattering of literature, it is too often in vain to seek. An assertion may sometimes be but proved by its converse, and from Mrs. Hullah's amusing book we infer the truth of the statement made above, that the dulness of most books of the kind arises chiefly from the want of general cultivation prevalent among musical people.

We should have expected the biography of one who is known to have given his whole life to the propagation of the gospel of music, to contain many a useful hint to his successors in the same work; but we confess that we were not prepared for such rich entertainment as is here provided. Mr. Hullah's work as a musician, and especially as a pioneer of art, is known to us all, and probably the present universal interest in music is partly due to his energies. But to find that the subject of this biography was a man of considerable general culture and breadth of view, to say nothing of his attainments in literary and pictorial art, is as surprising as it is delightful. The first portion of the book is autobiographical, and is so entertaining that its brevity, which resulted from the failure of the author's health, or perhaps from the delay in undertaking the task, is a matter of sincere regret. From the very first paragraph, in which Mr. Hullah whimsically bases the date of his own birth upon the authority of a statement in Grove's Dictionary, to the end of the autobiography, all is full of charm and interest. His first musical instinct was, as he says, "anything but promising. Taken for the first time to a theatre, I was said to have manifested such terror at the sound of the double basses that I had to be taken home and put to bed forthwith." Born in 1812, he had the good fortune to be placed, in his seventeenth year, under the tuition of Horsley, and in 1833 entered the Royal Academy. His chief attention was very soon turned in the direction of the rarely-acquired art of teaching singing. Anecdotes of Lablache, Braham, and other great artists of the time, lead to the production of Mr. Hullah's first musical composition of importance, an opera called *The Village Coquettes*, for which the libretto was written by no less eminent an author than Charles Dickens. His first marriage, with a Miss Foster, was the indirect means of his adopting as his life-work the popularizing of music. A visit to Paris with the young lady's father was followed by many journeys to that capital, in the course of which he made a thorough examination into the methods of Wilhem and Mainzer, and found that the former alone was satisfactory in its results. With the account of the delivery of his first lecture on the great topic to which his life was devoted, the autobiographical recollections close; but the interest of the book by no means ceases at this point. Mrs. Hullah takes up the thread of the narrative, and succeeds in giving a portrait of her husband which we feel must be life-like. From exaggeration or sentimentality her work is absolutely free, and the charm of her style makes it doubly interesting. Copious extracts are given from her husband's correspondence, in which we see his cheery spirits and indomitable energy, as well as his keen perceptions and constant humour. The circle of his intimate friends was not confined to the musical world; the names of Kingsley, Helps, and Mark Pattison are constantly occurring in the correspondence, and from the list of his acquaintance few notable names are absent. The accounts of his foreign journeys, in the course of which he seems to have sketched with great avidity, are less interesting than the description of his work, nor are they so valuable to those who would fain follow up the good done by him. In 1847 was begun a scheme in which he was supremely interested, viz., the building of St. Martin's Hall. The edifice is now almost forgotten, but the work done there by Mr. Hullah will endure. For more than ten years it was a centre of musical education, and its destruction by fire in 1860 was scarcely less disastrous to the public than to Mr. Hullah himself. His extraordinary patience and perseverance never shewed itself more strikingly at any period of his life than at that which succeeded the catastrophe. Quietly and without ostentation, life was taken up from the beginning again. Lectures at the Royal Institution and elsewhere, and various musical compositions, occupied him, and very shortly afterwards he was struck by a severer blow, the death of his wife. The account of how he lost the Reid professorship at Edinburgh, is instructive in more than one way. After his appointment as organist of the Charter-

* Life of John Hullah. By his wife.—Longmans, Green, & Co.

house, and the establishment of the Training College in which he was so keenly interested, the course of his life was a very even one. No exciting events interrupted the routine of his work, until in 1880 the first warning of his end was given in the stroke of paralysis which compelled him to relinquish many of his exertions. Subsequently to this he was able to interest himself in many schemes for the advancement of music, and even to undertake a journey to Italy; but between his return to England and his death, in February 1884, only a few months elapsed.

Whatever their opinion of the rights and wrongs of the case may be, musicians will enjoy the amusing descriptions of his various encounters with the promoters of the Tonic Sol-fa movement, and will profit by his words of wisdom concerning early musical instruction. For instance, he says in one of his reports, "If every pupil-teacher at the end of his course of five years could, on a key-note being given him, sound when named, or name when sounded, any other note in the same key, and a few altered notes inevitable in common modulation . . . changes in the habits of our labouring classes would be brought about in a few years, by the command of one humanizing recreation, which would assuredly add as largely and permanently to their own well-being as to that of the community at large."

If this biography does not participate in the dulness of most musical books, it has at least one feature in common with them, that of abounding in misprints, but there are happily few or none that could lead to misunderstanding.

NEW MUSIC.

Messrs. Weekes & Co. send a considerable number of pianoforte pieces, all of which have some degree of merit. From a group of twelve, "Rêveries Caractéristiques," by Claudius H. Couldery, three specimens are sent. "Consolation," a Chopinesque impromptu in G flat, presents a charming melody, adorned with skillful and original figures of ornamentation. The composer's evident dislike to the tonic harmony in its natural position, and his preference for inversions thereof, is to be regretted; but the piece is very pretty and effective, and its difficulties will be surmounted with a little patience. "At the organ" is a far less ambitious effort, and at the same time far less satisfactory; it is merely an aggregation of somewhat inconsequent arpeggio chords. "Gleaning" is an exceedingly pretty little allegretto in G, bearing some resemblance to various pieces in Schumann's *Album für die Jugend*.

A "Nocturne" in A flat by F. W. Hird betrays the influence of Chopin, but not to an extent that can be found fault with. It will do excellent service as a "teaching piece" in cases where a *cantabile* style is difficult to acquire, or to sustain in more than one part at a time.

"Pianoforte Classics," edited and fingered by John Kinross, deserves popularity on account of the excellent choice made from the stores of old harpsichord music. Whether any of the compositions of Rossi, Martini, Turini, Hasse, or Krebs can strictly lay claim to the title of "classics," except in the secondary sense of "old-fashioned," we are inclined to doubt; but the interest of the collection admits of no discussion. The first twelve numbers are from Italian and the later numbers from German composers. The selection from Hasse, consisting of a Sonata in D minor, and a delightful Allegro in B flat, is particularly happy; for what is irreverently called the "periwig" quality is almost entirely absent. Both pieces, but especially the Allegro, are far more spontaneous and fresh than the bulk of the composer's work. We are happy to see the dates of births and deaths given under the composers' names. The fingering and marks of expression fulfil all requirements.

From Messrs. Weekes and Co. we have further received an anthem, "I waited patiently for the Lord," by Frederick G. Cole, which is deserving of recognition on account of the care and ingenuity which have been expended upon it. Neither the opening nor the close is striking in any way, but the middle movement "The Lord hath chastened," with its short passage of imitation, is very good, and the return to the original key is clever, promising well for the composer's future.

Mr. J. R. Courtney Gale's Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in G (same publishers) is distinguished by no such merits as the composi-

tion just noticed, unless we regard the attention paid to the natural rhythm of the words as an extraordinary peculiarity. That it is so to be regarded must, we fear, be admitted, and in this respect Mr. Gale has been successful.

Of two part-song settings of Herrick's "Gather ye rosebuds" the first is for female voices, divided into two choirs of two parts each, and three solo voices. It is by A. Stammit, and the grace, effectiveness, and skill with which it is written, make it a valuable acquisition to ladies' choral societies.

The other setting of the words is by Adam Wright, and is labelled "Op. 121." The part-writing (it is for the ordinary four-part chorus), the disregard of the meaning of the words, and even the notation, show such inexperience that we can only wonder how the composer's one hundred and twenty previous works got published. Published we conclude them to have been, from the musical custom of only placing opus-numbers to compositions that have seen the light of print.

Mr. E. Silas's song, "Through darkness to dawn" may claim originality in its outward form if not in its spirit. In place of the usual clef appear the letters G and F, in the plainest capitals; and over the first triplet of each page, if not oftener, is placed, not the usual Arabic numeral, but III in Roman letters. The first peculiarity has nothing whatever to recommend it, except as a curiosity of musical literature; but the second has the distinct advantage, of doing away with a certain ambiguity that exists between the numeral for the triplet and the sign for the third finger in instrumental pieces. The song itself is well written, though the rhythm is as well-worn as the sentiment.

Messrs. Weekes & Co. also send a song by William Blakeley to some Scotch words, "The Bonnie Lass o' Kirkwall." No attempt is made to give "local colour" to the music. A fairly good tune, of thoroughly English character, would be effective if it were not followed by a very feeble waltz, the incongruity of which with the words may be imagined.

"Sappho" Waltz, by E. de la Trappe Pitt (Stanley Lucas, Weber and Co.). This graceful waltz has not, we may be sure, been inspired by M. Alphonse Daudet's naturalistic novel of the same name; but rather by that "burning Sappho," who "lived and sang." The opening theme is spirited and tuneful; nor are the succeeding numbers by any means unattractive.

WITH LISZT.

From Miss FAY'S *Music-Study in Germany*.

(Continued from page 165.)

Liszt hasn't the nervous irritability common to artists, but, on the contrary, his disposition is the most exquisite and tranquil in the world. We have been there incessantly, and I've never seen him ruffled except two or three times, and then he was tired and not himself, and it was a most transient thing. When I think what a little savage Tausig often was, and how cuttingly sarcastic Kullak could be at times, I am astonished that Liszt so rarely loses his temper. He has the power of turning the best side of every one outward, and also the most marvellous and instant appreciation of what that side is. If there is *anything* in you, you may be sure that Liszt will know it. Whether he chooses to let you think he does may, however, be another matter.

WEIMAR, July 15, 1873.

Liszt is such an immense, inspiring force that one has to try and stride forward with him at double rate, even if with double expenditure, too! To-day I'm more dead than alive, as we had a lesson from him yesterday that lasted four hours. There were twenty artists present, all of whom were anxious to play, and as he was in high good-humour, he played ever so much himself in between. It was perfectly magnificent, but exhausting and exciting to the last degree. When I come home from the lessons I fling myself on the sofa, and feel as if I never wanted to get up again. It is a fearful day's work every time I go to him. First, four hours' practice in the morning. Then a nervous, anxious feeling that takes away my appetite, and prevents me from eating my dinner. And then several hours at Liszt's, where one succession of concertos, fantasias, and all sorts of tremendous things are played.—You never know before whom you—

must play there, for it is the musical headquarters of the world. Directors of Conservatories, composers, artists, aristocrats, all come in, and you have to bear the brunt of it as best you can. The first month I was here, when there were only five of us, it was quite another matter, but now the room is crowded every time.

Liszt gave a *matinée* the other day at which I played a "Soirée de Vienne," by Tausig—awfully hard, but very brilliant and peculiar. I don't know how I ever got through it, for I had only been studying it a few days, and didn't even know it by heart, nor had I played it to Liszt. He only told me the evening before, too, about eight o'clock—"To-morrow I give a *matinée*; bring your 'Soirée de Vienne.'" I rushed home and practised till ten, and then I got up early the next morning and practised a few hours. The *matinée* was at eleven o'clock. First, Liszt played himself, then a young lady sang several songs, then there was a piece for piano and flute played by Liszt and a flautist, and then I came. I was just as frightened as I could be! Metzdorf (my Russian friend) and Urspruch sat down by me to give me courage, and to turn the leaves, but Liszt insisted upon turning himself, and stood behind me and did it in his dexterous way. He says it is an art to turn the leaves properly! He was so kind, and whenever I did anything well he would call out "*charmant!*" to encourage me. It is considered a great compliment to be asked to play at a *matinée*, and I don't know why Liszt paid it to me at the expense of others who were there who play far better than I do—among them a young lady from Norway, lately come, who is a most *superbe* pianist. She was a pupil of Kullak's, too, but it is four years since she left him, and she has been concertising a good deal. Yesterday she played Schumann's A minor concerto magnificently. I was surprised that Liszt had not selected her, but one can never tell what to expect from Liszt. With him "nothing is to be presumed on or despaired of"—as the proverb says. He is so full of moods and phases that you have to have a very sharp perception even to begin to understand him, and he can cut you all up fine without your ever guessing it. He rarely mortifies any one by an open snub, but what is perhaps worse, he manages to let the rest of the class know what he is thinking while the poor victim remains quite in darkness about it! Yes, he can do very cruel things.

After all, though, people generally have their own assurance to thank, or their own want of tact, when they do not get on with Liszt. If they go to him full of themselves, or expecting to make an impression on him, or merely for the sake of saying they have been with him, instead of presenting themselves to sit at his feet in humility, as they ought, and learn whatever he is willing to impart—he soon finds it out, and treats them accordingly. Some one once asked Liszt what he would have been had he not been a musician. "The first diplomat in Europe," was the reply. With this Machiavellian bent it is not surprising that he sometimes indulges himself in playing off the conceited or the obtuse for the benefit of the bystanders. But the real basis of his nature is compassion. *The bruised reed he does not break, nor the humble and docile heart despise!*

(To be continued.)

Occasional Notes.

The German papers make merry over some of the specimens of Italian criticism called forth by the recent first performance of *Fidelio* in Rome. The *Fanfulla*, one of the leading organs of that city, fails to discover any merit whatever in Beethoven's solitary dramatic effort. "Nothing of Beethoven's genius," it remarks, "is to be found in this luckless *Fidelio*, which vainly endeavours to rise above the level of mediocrity." "For a time," it adds, "Beethoven's great name served as a password to the opera, but now-a-days it fails to attract the public even in patient Germany. It only lives in archives and libraries." To this latter statement the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* adds the comment:—"La *Fanfulla* does not know that for many years past *Fidelio*, generally in conjunction with a ballet, has served as a convenient stopgap at certain of our Court theatres;" a comment which is curiously confirmed by a correspondent writing to us all the way from Graz, in Austria, to express his indignation at the first scene of the second act

of Beethoven's masterpiece having figured in a variety entertainment at the theatre of that city.

The official report of the Leipsic Conservatorium shows that the number of pupils in the current term amounts to 548 (310 male and 238 female), which is the highest figure as yet attained during the forty-three years of its existence. Of these 146 belong to the kingdom of Saxony and 288 to other parts of the German empire. Ten other European states have sent 169 pupils; Great Britain and Ireland heading the list with 94. To these should be added 82 pupils from the United States and 5 from our Australian Colonies, bringing up the Anglo-American element to a grand total of 181 pupils, of whom 107 are ladies.

It appears settled at last that the house in the Brühl, Leipsic, where Wagner was born in 1813, and to which, in 1873, a plaque was attached, will fall a victim to what the newspapers call the "march of civilization." The proprietor, with more reverence for a great name than proprietors usually have, offered to sell the house to the municipality for £5,000, which sum wealthy Wagnerians were sanguine of raising. Madame Wagner, also, took a great interest in the matter. At the last moment, however, the city architect declared that the building was in a dangerous condition, and could not be preserved. It was then proposed that an exact fac-simile of the old house should be erected on the same site. But this unsatisfactory substitute was, on second thoughts, abandoned. It appears, then, that the house where Wagner's cradle was, according to his own statement, visited by the Norn, the Goddess of Fate, will at last have to submit to that fate which rules over kings and men of genius as over ordinary mortals.

Music in various aspects, ranging from the serio-comic to the wholly serious, has been a prominent feature in our law courts last week. The graver side of the subject found illustration in the case of yet another victim to the persistent ill fortune which has of late years overshadowed Her Majesty's Theatre and all connected with it. The report recently issued by the Official Receiver, upon the affairs of the former lessee, Mr. Thomas James Marshall, shows liabilities £1,747 and assets *nil*. The debtor appears to have originally practised as an accountant, a preparation for the managerial career not without its uses; and, after acting as treasurer to the former lessee (Mr. Lafargue), he took the house on his own account, on a three months' engagement, and carried on an unsuccessful series of promenade concerts until April last year. Subsequently he transferred his energies to the refreshment bars of the Standard Theatre, and again found himself working at a loss. All this can scarcely be called operatic enterprise, but it should teach a lesson to would-be operatic *entrepreneurs*, accountants and otherwise; and that lesson may be summed up in *Punch's* emphatic "Don't!"

A case of somewhat less tragic complexion recently occupied Mr. Justice North and a jury, upon the delicate and difficult question of the originality of a tune. The composer was a Mr. Lewis, generally called Llew Llwlfo, of Carnarvon, a name which, however celebrated in his own country, has not yet attained to the dignity of a household word in England. In support of his claim for the copyright Llew Llwlfo flatly contradicted the assertions of the other side, that his song "Llongau Madoc" was an ancient melody, Welsh or Irish. Remembering that the methods of a composer are always more or less interesting, Llew Llwlfo explained that though he was the author of the song in question he had never arranged it for public use, and never written an accompaniment. He always trusted to the accompanist to "vamp it." *Avis aux Amateurs!*

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE THIRTY-THIRD CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 22, 1886,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet in C sharp minor, Op. 132, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (Beethoven), MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; Song, "Penitence" (Beethoven), Mr. Edward Lloyd; Study in Canon in B minor, and Novellette in D, No. 2, for Pianoforte alone (Schumann), Miss Fanny Davies.

PART II.—Chaconne in D minor, for Violin alone (Bach), Herr Joachim; Song, "Regret" (Schubert), Mr. Edward Lloyd; Trio in G major, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello (Beethoven), Miss Fanny Davies, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti. Accompanist, Mr. C. Hopkins-Ould.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

Programme

FOR

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 20, 1886,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Quartet in E flat, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (Cherubini), MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; Song, "Se tu della mia morte" (Scarlatti), Mr. Ernest Birch; Nachtstücke in D flat, Romance in F sharp, Novellette in F, for Pianoforte alone (Schumann), Miss Agnes Zimmermann; Sonata in A major, for Violoncello, with Pianoforte Accompaniment (Boccherini), Signor Piatti; Songs, "Who is Sylvia" (Schubert), and "Love leads to battle" (Buononcini), Mr. Ernest Birch; Sonata in C minor, Op. 30, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Violin (Beethoven), Miss Agnes Zimmermann and Herr Joachim.—Accompanist, Mr. Sidney Naylor.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT, March 20, at Three o'clock. Gounod's Sacred Trilogy, "MORS ET VITA." Solo Vocalists, Miss Annie Marriott and Miss Hope Glenn, Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Santley. Crystal Palace Choir and Augmented Orchestra. Conductor, Mr. August Manns. Seats, 5s., 3s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. Admission to Concert Room, 1s.

MISS AGNES ZIMMERMANN will give a PIANOFORTE RECITAL at PRINCES' HALL, PICCADILLY, on THURSDAY Afternoon next, March 25, at 3.30. The Programme will include Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 101; Schumann's Fantasie, Op. 17; and pieces by Bach, Rameau, Scarlatti, Chopin, Rubinstein, Moszkowski, etc. Tickets, 7s., 3s., and 1s., of CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street, and at the Hall.

LONDON, 1886.

PRINCES' HALL, PICCADILLY.

HERMANN FRANKE'S
CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS.

THE FOURTH CONCERT will take place on Tuesday evening, March 23, 1886, at Half-past Eight o'clock. Artists: Mr. Franke's Vocal Quartet, consisting of Miss Hamlin (Soprano), Miss Lena Little (Alto), Mr. W. J. Winch (Tenor), and Mr. O. Fisher (Bass). Conductor, Mr. Theodor Frantzen, assisted at the Piano by Miss Amy Hare; MM. C. Deichmann, H. Krause, C. Ould, &c.

POPULAR PRICES (no restriction as to Evening Dress). Reserved Seats, 5s. and 3s. Admission, One Shilling. Tickets may be had at Messrs. Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Messrs. Stanley, Lucas, Weber & Co.'s, 84, New Bond Street; Mr. Austin's, St. James's Hall, and at the Princes' Hall, Piccadilly. Manager, Mr. Alfred Schulz-Curtius. H. Franke's Office, 2, Vere Street, London, W.

PRINCES' HALL, PICCADILLY.

BEETHOVEN'S WORKS.

PIANOFORTE ALONE. PIANOFORTE WITH INSTRUMENTS.
VOCAL MUSIC.

GIVEN BY

Madame JENNY VIARD-LOUIS.

THE NINETEENTH MEETING (last but one of the Fourth and Last Series) will take place on Saturday, March 20, at Three o'clock. The Programme will include Beethoven's Sonata, in C minor, Op. 111, for Pianoforte; Raff's Third Sonata, for pianoforte and violin; and Brahms's Quintet, in F minor, Op. 34. Executants, Madame Viard-Louis, MM. J. T. Carrodus, B. Carrodus, Ellis, Roberts, and G. Libotton; Vocalist, Madame Rose Hersee; Accompanist, Mr. Lindsay Sloper; Grand Pianoforte, by Collard & Collard.—Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE SUMMER SERIES OF NINE

RICHTER CONCERTS

WILL TAKE PLACE AS FOLLOWS:

MONDAY, MAY 3, 1886.	MONDAY, MAY 31, 1886.
MONDAY, MAY 10, "	THURSDAY, JUNE 10, "
MONDAY, MAY 17, "	MONDAY, JUNE 21, "
MONDAY, MAY 24, "	MONDAY, JUNE 28, "
MONDAY, JULY 5, 1886.	

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE NINE CONCERTS:

Sofa Stalls, £5. Stalls or Balcony Stalls, £3 10 0

SINGLE TICKETS:

Sofa Stalls, 15/- Stalls or Balcony Stalls, 10/6. Balcony (Unreserved), 5/-
Area or Gallery, 2/6.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SENIOR SARASATE'S
FIVE GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY, APRIL 19, 1886.	SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1886.
SATURDAY, MAY 1, "	SATURDAY, MAY 22, "
SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1886.	

AT THREE O'CLOCK.

Sofa Stalls, 10/6. Reserved Area, 5/- Balcony, 3/-
Area, 2/- Gallery, 1/-

Tickets for any of the above Concerts may be obtained of—
Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street, and 15, Poultry, E.C.;
Messrs. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER & Co., 84, New Bond Street;
Mr. MITCHELL, Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street;
Mr. OLLIVIER, 38, Old Bond Street;
Messrs. LACON & OLLIER, 168, New Bond Street, W.;
Messrs. CRAMER & Co., 63, New Bond Street, W.;
Messrs. SCOTT & Co., 159, Regent Street, W.;
Messrs. KEITH, PROWSE & Co., 41, Cheapside, E.C.; at the Grand Hotel; and at the Langham Hotel;
Mr. ALFRED HAYS, 26, Old Bond Street, and 5, Royal Exchange Buildings, E.C.
Mr. M. BARR, 80, Queen Victoria Street, opposite Mansion House Station;
Mr. AUSTIN's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.
MANAGER, MR. N. VERT, 52, NEW BOND STREET, W.

MISS EMMA BUSBY will give a PIANOFORTE MATINÉE at 74, COURTFIELD GARDENS, S.W. (by kind permission of Mrs. Edward Wyld), on TUESDAY next, March 23, at half-past Three o'clock. Pianoforte, Miss Emma Busby; Violoncello, Signor Pezze; Vocalists, Misses Henrietta and Gertrude Nunn, and Mr. Lionel Hume.—Tickets, 10/6 each, may be had of Chappell & Co., Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co.; and of Miss Emma Busby, 5, Howley Place, W.

ST. ELIZABETH (Hommage à Liszt).—The Abbé LISZT's ORATORIO OF MUSIC to the Legend of "St. Elizabeth" will be PERFORMED at the LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC'S ANNUAL SPRING CONCERT, in ST. JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, April 7. Complete orchestra and chorus. Conductor—Professor Wylde, Mus. D. Principal violin, Herr Pollitzer. Principal vocalists: Miss M. Macintyre; Sophia, Miss Rose Moss; Landgrave Ludwig, Mr. Albert Reakes.—Reserved stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; admission, 1s.; Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; Office of London Academy, St. George's Hall, Langham Place.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Proprietors of *The Musical World* offer a

PRIZE OF TEN GUINEAS

for the best Song, to English words, and by a composer resident in England. MSS. should be sent in on or before May 1, 1886, and should bear a motto or *nom de plume* identical with one on a sealed envelope, containing the name and address of the writer. Only the letter of the successful competitor will be opened. The judges will be three musicians of reputation whose names will be announced in due course. The song selected will be published as a supplement to *The Musical World*. For full particulars see *The Musical World* of Feb. 6.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisements should be sent not later than 5 o'clock on Wednesdays, to the Office, at Messrs. MALLETT & Co.'s, 68 & 70 Wardour Street, London, W. (temporary premises during rebuilding, at No. 58.) Telephone No. 3849. Telegraphic address: "ASMAL," London.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—The Subscription to THE MUSICAL WORLD is now reduced to 17s. 6d. per annum (payable in advance).

AS A SUPPLEMENT TO THE NEXT NUMBER OF
The Musical World a

PORTRAIT

OF

FRANZ LISZT,

WITH FACSIMILE OF SIGNATURE

WILL BE PUBLISHED.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1886.

OPERA IN FRANCE.

THE sentiment, that in misery it is a comfort to know that others are equally miserable, is little creditable to human nature, but as old as the expulsion from Paradise, and it has been embodied in the Latin hexameter which we all know from our school-boy days:—

"Solamen miseris socios habuisse malorum."

We rely upon this well-worn line for an excuse, when we state with some satisfaction that bad as are our operatic affairs, those of our neighbours across the Channel are little better. Of the condition of the Grand Opéra, our Paris correspondent gave some dark dissolving views in connection with the memorial performance of the *Huguenots* last week. Those views might be supplemented by almost any English visitor of moderate taste who goes to admire the splendid building, and wonders at the indifferent music discoursed in such gorgeous surroundings:—an orchestra made up of excellent materials, but playing coarsely under a careless conductor; singers who cannot get over certain stage traditions and conventionalisms, an ensemble almost as bad as that at Covent Garden, and *habitués* who care a great deal more about the ballet, or at least the ladies of the ballet, than about the music of Gluck and of Méhul. The position of government-appointed director of the Grand Opéra is no more a bed of roses than that of an irresponsible manager at Her Majesty's, and an operatic ruler endowed with the gift of *Macbeth*

might retrospectively see a whole procession of bankrupt predecessors at both houses. The actual functionaries of the Paris Opéra seem to be no exception to the rule. Great things were expected from their joint efforts. M. Ritt was to supply the money, and M. Gailhard—himself a singer of good repute in London and elsewhere—was to put in the artistic touches. The money has been supplied and spent, but the artistic merit is not forthcoming. The tentative and roundabout way in which things are done is well illustrated by an amusing anecdote, which for genuine red-tapeism it would be difficult to match even at our War Office. The only redeeming feature of the performance of the *Huguenots* already referred to, was the Raoul of M. Duc, a young and rising tenor. Fastidious critics objected to his method, but in the duel scene his *ut dièze* reverberated from M. Baudry's painted ceiling, and was echoed by the rapturous applause of the audience. Like other "young and rising tenors," M. Duc has his own opinion of his merits and rights; and some time ago he infringed the rules of the opera by singing without permission at a provincial concert, for which irregularity a fine was duly inflicted by the Minister of Fine Arts. With the *ut dièze* ringing in their ears and the scarcity of tenors in their minds, MM. Ritt and Gailhard could not think of exacting the payment of the fine; on the other hand, they had no right to suspend the ministerial decree. In this dilemma, they hit upon a middle course worthy of any diplomatist. They made M. Duc a present or *largesse* of exactly the sum the fine amounted to, on condition that he should repay it into the treasury the next day by way of penance. In this way the Minister and the more formidable tenor were pacified, but the public and the press came to a shrewd conclusion as to the reason why things are going wrong in a house where the nominal masters are not the real masters.

One of the remedies frequently contemplated for the evils existing at the great Opera-house, is the revival of the old Théâtre-Lyrique, where some of the finest works of modern times, including Gounod's *Faust*, were produced. This scheme of healthy competition has lately come to the fore again, but is curiously enough pooh-poohed by the leading French writers. M. Moreno, in the *Ménestrel*, speaks of the intended new birth as a "funereal business," and warns M. Godard against undertaking the conductorship of this new *Danse Macabre*. He also objects to the intended appointment of M. Coulon, the late and unsuccessful director of the Antwerp Opera.

It will be seen, then, that operatic fortunes in Paris are at a low ebb. There is, it is true, the Opéra-Comique, where the traditions of all that is most lovable and most graceful in French music are kept alive by such masters as Delibes, Massenet, and Widor; but against this we have to show at least one month of Carl Rosa Opera, which we appreciate, or should appreciate, all the more because its delights are compressed in so brief a space of time. As to the rest, English and French lovers of good operatic music are fellow-sufferers, and must comfort themselves with the sentiment expressed at the beginning of this article.

Correspondence.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—It seems that the writer of the highly complimentary criticism on my last performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony (*Musical World*, March 13), was not aware that this great work has, since its first performance on Saturday, the 22nd of April, 1865, been introduced here no less than twenty-two times on Saturdays, and twice on ordinary shilling days; and that besides these twenty-five performances of the entire work, within the last twenty-one years, at least three times as many performances have been given of the three instrumental movements during that period.

I mention this, simply in order to draw attention to the vastness of influence which *Music at the Crystal Palace* must, comparatively speaking, have exercised upon familiarizing musical amateurs with this masterpiece.

Annexed I send you the dates of the twenty-three Saturdays, at which the Choral Symphony has been performed here. Publish them if you think such particulars of sufficient interest to your readers; consign them to your paper basket if you think otherwise.—Yours, etc.,

AUGUST MANNS.

Crystal Palace,
March 16, 1886.

Dates of the performances of Beethoven's Choral Symphony at the
Saturday Concerts, Crystal Palace.

1865..... April 22	1873..... April 19	1880..... April 17
1865..... April 29	1873..... December 13	1881..... April 23
1866..... April 14	1874..... April 25	1882..... May 17
1867..... December 21	1875..... May 22	1883..... May 12
1868..... April 25	1876..... March 25	1884..... March 29
1869..... April 17	1876..... December 16	1885..... March 28
1870..... December 17	1878..... May 11	1886..... March 6
1872..... April 20	1878..... December 14	

N.B.—These dates are copied from a catalogue which contains titles and dates of performances of all the works introduced at the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts since October, 1855.—A. M.

MR. MANNS AND THE SCOTTISH PRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—As the writer of the objectionable notice referred to in the correspondence columns of your issue of March 6th, I hope you will allow me the privilege of adding a few words thereon.

A musical critic who has confidence in his own ability to discern between the different degrees of excellence in the rendering of choral and orchestral music should not hesitate to state his mind freely, even at the expense of incurring the displeasure of an acknowledged favourite; but it is too much to require the criticisms to be corroborated by others, before they can be accepted as genuine; however, the case in point is a little peculiar, and bearing on this matter I enclose a bundle of cuttings from the Glasgow press, which, if time permits, you can peruse and make quotations from, send them to Mr. Manns, or put them among the many millions of paragraphs in the basket. Mr. Manns states that the Glasgow critics were *less unanimous* than formerly in aiding him in his art labours; but, with the exception referred to, nothing was said to justify public remonstrance on his part. As to his finding fault with your prefatory remarks, it does not concern me.

However, Mr. Manns might also have said that the Glasgow press, with a friendly exception, were pretty unanimous in fault-finding, indeed more so than for many years past (see enclosed cuttings). Mr. Manns made only one *public* remonstrance, but to my knowledge he made several in *private*, and, speaking for myself, I received three *private* communications from him, and the third contained threats of legal proceedings unless I chose to recant from what I had previously written, which of course I declined to do, and hence the *public* remonstrance. A letter written to another Glasgow critic was of such a scurrilous nature that no reply was sent, and that same critic told me he knew of a similar case; so from all accounts Mr. Manns must have been getting famous as a correspondent during his short visit.

There are other matters connected with this which will no doubt see the light of day by-and-bye. Mr. Manns feels greatly flattered by the Paisley and Greenock press notices, the former of which were written by the Glasgow critics, myself included. The press of Greenock consists of two little halfpenny sheets filled with local matter, and possibly they may have a musical critic between them. Mr. Manns feels proud in the thought that the enthusiasm of the audiences will soon obliterate the remembrance of "the strangely erroneous criticism," but the surest method of subduing such, is to see in future that quality and not quantity is the maxim of conductor, chorus, and orchestra.

Thanking you in anticipation for publishing this, I am, &c.

J. B.

[We feel bound in justice to publish the above communication, sent to us by the author of the criticism which caused Mr. Manns's remonstrance. For the facts he states, and for the manner in which he speaks of so excellent and highly-valued an artist as Mr. Manns, the writer must be responsible.—E.D. M. W.]

"Musical World" Stories.

A VILLAGE CONTEST.

BY IVAN TURGENEFF.

(Continued from page 170.)

My arrival, I could easily perceive, had at first somewhat annoyed Nicolai Ivanytch's customers. But seeing the host bow to me as an acquaintance, they became pacified, and took no further notice of me. I ordered some beer at the table in the corner by the moujik in the torn greatcoat.

"Well, what's the matter?" exclaimed Obaldoui, who had gulped down his glass of spirits, accompanying his exclamation with one of those violent gesticulations without which, apparently, he could not speak a single word. "What are we waiting for? Let's begin! Eh, Iachka?"

"Yes, yes; come, let's begin!" said mine host, encouragingly.

"Very well, let us begin," said the contractor, quietly and confidently, with a smile; "I am quite ready."

"And I am ready too," murmured Turk Iachka, with some uneasiness.

"If you are both ready, my boys, set to work," said Morgatch, in falsetto.

Despite the unanimous wish of the company, no one began. The contractor did not leave his corner, nor even rise from his seat. It seemed as if they were waiting for something.

"Time is up," said the Wild Gentleman, in a morose and peremptory tone.

Iachka shivered. The contractor rose, re-knotted his girdle, and coughed a conventional cough.

"And who shall begin?" said he to Diki-Barin, who still sat motionless in the middle of the room; his body set square, his great feet wide apart, and his arms buried almost to the elbows in the pockets of his capacious breeches.

"You, you begin," said Obaldoui, to the contractor. "It is your turn to begin, brother."

Diki-Barin glanced upwards at his master of the ceremonies, who timidly began to stammer a few syllables, grew uncomfortable, looked up at the ceiling, shrugged his shoulders, and beat a retreat.

"We shall draw lots," said the Wild Gentleman, very quietly; "and let the gallon of beer stand there on the floor."

Nicolai Ivanytch bent down, and raising it, solemnly deposited the vessel on the oaken table.

Diki-Barin signalled to Iachka with a glance. Iachka felt in his pockets, drew out a large copper coin, and bit a mark upon it with his teeth. His rival, the contractor, pulled from beneath the skirt of his caftan a fine leathern purse, leisurely untied its strings, and, having poured some change into his left hand, drew out of it a coin, quite new. Obaldoui held out his dirty old cap with its torn peak. Iachka threw in his coin, and his rival did likewise.

"You must draw," said the Wild Gentleman to Morgatch.

Morgatch, glad to have a finger in all this, smiled, took the cap in both his hands and began to shake it.

There was a profound silence. The two coins clinked dully. I watched the faces attentively. All were expressive of impatience at the delay. Diki Barin himself began to frown. My neighbour, the peasant in the torn coat, was craning forward his neck to an extraordinary length from curiosity. Morgatch put his hand into the cap and drew out the contractor's coin. The company gave a sigh of relief; it was going to begin. Iachka reddened. The contractor ran his hand through his hair.

"I told you it was your turn to begin," said Obaldoui.

"Your tongue is not wanted; and keep your paws down," said the Wild Gentleman. "Now, begin," he continued, addressing the contractor.

"What song shall I sing?" enquired he, with some trepidation.

"Whatever you please," said mine host slowly, folding his arms across his breast. "We don't insist upon any particular song rather than another. Sing what you like to sing, and only mind you sing well. As for us afterwards we will deliver our judgment conscientiously."

"Ah, yes! conscientiously," repeated Obaldoui, and then he licked the brim of his empty glass.

"Brothers, give me leave to cough a little," said the contractor, finging his plush collar.

"Bah! don't make such a fuss, begin!" said the Wild Gentleman determined to listen and to have no more talking.

The contractor thought for a moment, shook his head and made a few steps forward. Iachka devoured him with his eyes.

Before I describe the contest of song which now took place, I must say a few words of the different persons I have mentioned. I had known the lives of some of them before I saw them playing their parts before me in Nicolai's tavern; and as for the others it was only after seeing them that I picked up some data about them.

Let us begin with Obaldoui. This man's real name is Evgraff Ivanoff. But in our cantons, no one calls him anything but Obaldoui, and he glories in his nickname; it is so appropriate. It fits to a hair's-breadth a man of naught, a muddler, a nuisance, whose features, like his long arm and his tongue, are in a state of perpetual agitation. He is an unmarried drunken servant, whom his master has long since left to his own devices. Never working anywhere, never getting a farthing from anybody, he still contrives to amuse himself every day at someone else's expense. He has a large number of acquaintances who treat him to tea and spirits, without knowing why they do so, for he never amuses anyone. On the contrary he never fails to weary everybody with his silly chatter, his feverish agitation and his loud sham laughter. He can neither sing, dance, nor play the guitar. In all his life he never uttered anything—I will not say clever—but even rational.

He has always chattered and argued awry. He is nothing but a babbler, a brayer, an Obaldoui; and yet for the last twenty years there has never been, for forty versts around, a commune feast at which his long visage did not suddenly appear amid the drinkers; so used is everybody to tolerating his company as an inevitable misfortune. No doubt he is often treated as a good-for-nothing lackey. And that is far better than he deserves, for he has never yet succeeded in becoming even that. But nobody is equal to repressing the ruffian's spirits, except the Wild Gentleman.

Morgatch had no point of resemblance with Obaldoui. His name, meaning The Blinker, had come to him no one knew how; for indeed this man blinked no more than his fellows. Russians have a natural tendency to dub everybody with a nickname; and he who has lived in twenty different neighbourhoods runs considerable risk of having twenty nicknames, and it would be a miracle if all of them were equally appropriate. Despite my wish to gain a better insight into this man's past, his life presents to me and doubtless to many others equally inquisitive, several eclipses—or, as biographers would put it, points which remain enveloped in deep and impenetrable obscurity. All I could ascertain was that he had been coachman to an old unmarried lady, from whom he decamped with three of the best horses committed to his charge; that for a whole year he could not be found; and that being probably convinced of the danger and misery of a wandering life he came back of his own accord, lame, starving, and in rags, to repent and grovel at his mistress's feet. By exemplary behaviour he banished the memory of his misdeeds. Little by little he regained his mistress's favour, won her full con-

fidence, became steward of her estate, and on that excellent old lady's death, found himself, no one knew how, freed from serfdom and enrolled upon the list of burgesses. He turned farmer, leased land, and became a planter on some of the neighbouring property. He made a fortune, and is now in the enjoyment of ease and comfort.

(To be continued.)

Concerts.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERT.

The opportunity of listening to two such violinists as Madame Norman-Néruda and Herr Joachim on one and the same occasion drew an overwhelming audience to St. James's Hall on Monday, every seat being filled and every available standing-place occupied. Bach's well-known Concerto in D minor, for two violins with pianoforte accompaniment, was the first work essayed by the accomplished artists, the pianoforte part being undertaken by Miss Agnes Zimmermann. The task was one in every way worthy of the powers of the instrumentalists thus associated, and it is almost needless to add that the intricate and exacting work was interpreted with consummate art and rare technical mastery, the facile and finished performance arousing the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm. In response to prolonged applause the executants returned to the platform and repeated the middle movement. Subsequently, Madame Norman-Néruda and Herr Joachim co-operated with MM. Straus, Gibson, and Piatti in a masterly rendering of Mendelssohn's Quintet in B flat, an achievement which afforded the vast audience the keenest intellectual enjoyment. The concert opened with Beethoven's Sonata in A major, Op. 62, for pianoforte and violoncello, worthily interpreted by Miss Zimmermann and Signor Piatti, the pianist selecting as her solo Grieg's Sonata in E minor, a work which she first introduced here last November, and which she played in a thoroughly congenial manner. The vocalist of the evening was Miss Hope Glenn, who sang the air "Pupille sdegnose," from Handel's *Musio Sevola*, and a couple of airs by Dr. Arne, Signor Romili discharging the duties of accompanist.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The students of the Royal College of Music gave an orchestral concert in the West Theatre of the Albert Hall on Tuesday, when a somewhat ambitious programme was successfully carried out in a manner reflecting credit on Mr. C. Villiers Stanford, the conductor. The orchestral works comprised Mendelssohn's overture, "The Hebrides"; Schubert's Symphony, No. 6, in C; and Concerto in F, by Rheinberger, for organ, with three horns and string orchestra, the organ being played by Miss Philpott, who bids fair to become a skilful performer. Meritorious vocal performances were Miss Belcher's "Rejoice greatly," and Mr. Ridding's "With joy th' impatient husbandman" (*Seasons*). Miss Crabtree must also be spoken of favourably for her playing of Hensel's pianoforte Concerto in F minor; this lady has a somewhat hard touch, nevertheless she satisfactorily surmounted the numerous difficulties with which the work is beset. Apart from the practice and confidence accruing to the performers, these concerts supply a means of musical instruction to the student, from which his education and development derive great benefit; the opportunities in this country for becoming acquainted with works of the classical and modern schools, being not as numerous as they might be, and also of an expensive nature.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

Owing, no doubt, in large measure to the severity of the weather, there was a very poor attendance at the Crystal Palace Concert last Saturday, when the principal feature of note in the programme was Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, composed for the last Birmingham Festival, and heard on this occasion for the first time at Sydenham. Written by an experienced violinist and admirably laid out for the solo instrument the Concerto is an exceedingly able work, the full import and

significance of which are not to be gathered after a single hearing. In the main form of its structure it follows recognized classical models, although in the treatment of the first and second movements the composer asserts his own individuality, dealing with his thematic material in an independent, and it must be added, somewhat complicated way. Loftiness of aim and high artistic purpose are, however, manifest throughout, and the solo passages are scored with great freedom and brilliancy, while the rich and well-contrasted accompaniments betray a thorough command of orchestral resource. A competent and conscientious exponent of the work was found in Mr. Gompertz, who overcame its technical difficulties with great executive skill, and who received most efficient support in his violinist was recalled at the conclusion of the concerto; and later on efforts from the band controlled by Mr. August Manns. The was heard to advantage in one of Señor Sarasate's Gipsy airs. An excellent performance of Haydn's melodious Symphony in D (No. 2 of the Saloman set) opened the concert; and a couple of ballet airs from Rubinstein's Second Suite, "Bal Costumé," found a place in the programme for the first time. The vocalists of the afternoon were Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel, the former declaiming with excellent dramatic effect Pogner's Address from the first act of *Die Meistersinger*, and the latter contributing with much charm and effect, her husband's setting of Victor Hugo's "Adieux de l'Hotesse Arabe," given with orchestral accompaniment and conducted by the composer. Both singers were heard conjointly in a duet from Hermann Goetz's opera, *The Taming of the Shrew*.—At the concert to-day (Saturday), Gounod's *Mors et Vita* is to be performed with a largely augmented orchestra.

MR. & MRS. HENSCHEL'S VOCAL RECITALS.

The last of the present series of concerts was given at the Princes' Hall on Tuesday evening, when the programme as heretofore was well adapted to display the singular versatility of the accomplished artists. The almost social character of these entertainments has served to establish friendly relations between the performers and their audiences, with the best results for both; and the programmes furnished each night prove how much good vocal music there is in existence, and how unnecessary it is to descend to the nether depths of the Royalty Song. Besides Mr. Henschel's "Serbisches Liederspiel," which has been frequently heard of late, excerpts were given from the same composer's cyclus "Der Trompeter von Säkkingen," which were rendered, it is needless to say, with much feeling and refinement by Mr. Henschel, who also gave Loewe's setting of "Der Erl König," inferior, of course, to that of Schubert, but not without dramatic feeling in its way. Mrs. Henschel contributed various songs with her accustomed purity of tone and expression.

RUBINSTEIN IN LEIPSIK.

BY A YOUTHFUL ENTHUSIAST.

LEIPSIK, March 14.—The great Rubinstein is here, and has already given us two recitals; both wonderful proofs of strength, power of memory, technique, passion, pianissimo-playing. But how can I describe all the characteristics of this "lion"? I have just come from recital No. 2, where he played the eight sonatas of Beethoven. Doesn't it sound a long, tedious programme to many people? but (with the exception of five or six homely matrons who were afraid of their soup getting cold) not a being, young or old, left the concert-room, and if Rubinstein had volunteered to play another four to make the dozen I imagine we should not have minded. Rubinstein tells me he will give his first recital in London on May 18, and not play anywhere in England save in London. So get your tickets in good time!

He arrived here on Tuesday last, March 9, and on the next day (Wednesday morning) we half expected to see him walk in at the rehearsal for orchestra of the Gewandhaus concert, especially as a new composition of his, *Eroica* was announced on the bills; but no Rubinstein appeared, and, instead of his composition, Schumann's overture *Manfred* was played. After the rehearsal I called at his hotel, and was lucky enough to find him disengaged. I naturally

enquired for the reason of his *Eroica* not being performed, and I give you his answer as a warning: he said that ever since he had been here, three years ago, no great work of his had been performed, and now, because he had come again, at every concert his things were to be crammed in, and it was quite against his wish even that his opera *Die Maccabaer* was to have been performed.

He thinks that, had his compositions been valued, they would have been brought before the public here before now. I must confess I can quite well understand his way of looking at it.

On the other hand, he is one of the most amiable and kind-hearted "lions" to be met with. The amount of free tickets to musicians he volunteered to give is more than you could believe, and if it were not for the agents who distribute the tickets, he would not make anything out of the concerts.

That a great many people try to impose upon his good-nature you may imagine. The other day I was witness of a little scene happening during my visit. The door was opened; a gentleman walks in, bows, and says: "My name is F——. I have two brothers. One you (speaking to Rubinstein) examined once in Silesia; the other is here studying at Leipsic. I have come to ask for some tickets." Rubinstein, in his most polite manner, told him, "Then you must confer with my agent!" There were a few other people in the room besides myself, amongst them the agent, who looked such daggers at the intruder that the latter, after a little while, as no one took any notice of him, rose to go, and bowing to Rubinstein (who bowed him out of the room), said: "I knew Herr Joseffy, through whom I knew your brother." This "intruder," who, by the way, is no musician at all, is fairly well known here, so I will not mention his name. Between his recitals Herr Rubinstein goes to Dresden to play.

After Leipsic he goes to Brussels; then to Paris; and after that to London. I had not seen him for five years, and was struck this time how much he has altered—he looks so very much older and worn.

At his next recital he will play works by Schubert, Weber, and Mendelssohn. I trust they will give him a better piano in London than the one he has here. The soft pedal (which Rubinstein constantly uses) produced such a wooden, unpleasant tone, that everyone in the audience made remarks about it. That was at the first recital. To-day (Recital No. 2) it did not sound so bad. Perhaps the instrument has been changed.

Prospective Arrangements at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey.

ST. PAUL'S.

SATURDAY, March 20 (*Ember Day*).—Morning: Benedicite (Martin), No. 3; Benedictus (Martin) in C; Anthem, "I will arise," "There is joy," (Sullivan), No. 933. Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Selby) in A; Anthem, "Lord, Thou alone art God" (Mendelssohn), No. 927.

SUNDAY, March 21 (*Second in Lent*).—Morning: Benedicite (Best); Benedictus (Stanford) in B flat; Introit, "O may Thy will be done" (Spohr), No. 912; Holy Communion (Gray), in F. Evening: (1), Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Gounod); Anthem, "But then His flock forsook," from "Zion" (second movement). (Gade). (2), Magnificat, &c. to Chants. Hymns as on printed paper.

MONDAY, March 22.—Morning: Benedicite (Dicker, Pooley, &c.); Benedictus (Garrett) in E; Anthem, "Lord, on our offences" (Mendelssohn), No. 339. Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Walmisley) in D; Anthem, "O Lord, look down" (Battishill), No. 823.

TUESDAY, March 23.—Morning: Benedicite (South), No. 1; Benedictus (Gibbons) in F; Anthem, "Turn Thy face from my sins" (Attwood), No. 291. Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Gladstone) in F; Anthem, "Have mercy, O Lord" (Mozart), Psalm xxxi, v. 10.

WEDNESDAY, March 24 (*Men's voices only, and High Service, at Evensong*).—Morning: Benedicite (Iliffe); Jubilate (Wesley) in E. Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Selby) in D; Anthems, "Blessed art thou among women," "The whole earth is at rest," from "Light of the world," S. Luke i., 28 (Sullivan).

THURSDAY, March 25 (*The Annunciation, High Service*).—Morning: Te Deum and Benedictus (Goss) in D; Introit, "Word of God Incarnate,"

(Gounod), No. 572; Holy Communion (Barnby) in E. Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Stanford) in A; Anthem, "The angel Gabriel was sent" (Smart), No. 929.

FRIDAY, March 26 (*without organ*).—Morning: Benedicite (De Lacy, Gibbs, &c.); Jubilate (Travers) in F. Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (King) in F; Anthem, "Jesu, our Lord" (Gounod), No. 563.

SATURDAY, March 27.—Morning: Benedicite (Strong); Benedictus (Stainer) in E flat; Anthem, "Hide not Thou Thy face" (Farrant), No. 12. Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Ouseley) in B flat; Anthem, "Lord, how long wilt Thou forget me" (movements 1 and 2), (Mendelssohn), No. 338.

Notes for week following: SUNDAY (*Third in Lent*), March 28.—Morning: Benedictus (Steggall) in G; Holy Communion (Bridge) in G; Evening: Magnificat, &c. (Walmisley) in D minor; Anthem, "O Lamb of God" (Beethoven).

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SATURDAY, March 20.—10 a.m.: Service (Nares) in F; Anthem, No. — (Ps. li. 17), Horseley, "The sacrifice of God." 3 p.m.: Service (Smart) in B flat; Anthem, No. 400 (Isa. lv. 7), Goss, "Come and let us return."

SUNDAY, March 21 (*Second Sunday in Lent*).—10 a.m.: Service, Benedictus (Stainer and Turle); Hymn, after 3rd Collect, No. 121. 3 p.m.: Service (Elvey) in A; Anthem, No. 221 (Ps. cxxxvii. 1), Boyce, "By the waters of Babylon;" Hymn, after 3rd Collect, No. 115. 7 p.m.: Service in Choir.

Notes and News.

LONDON.

With *The Musical World* of March 27 a portrait of Liszt and a facsimile of his signature will be published.

The new opera, *Guillem de Cabestanh*, music by Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, will be produced at Drury Lane Theatre on June 2. Madame Valleria, Mr. Barton McGuckin, and Mr. Crotty will take the principal parts.

As we anticipated last week, Mr. Barnby has accepted the Conductorship of the Royal Academy of Music, which will no doubt derive material benefit from his zeal and experience. We may add that Mr. Barnby had an interview with the Principal of the Academy in connection with the pending appointment as long ago as last Christmas.

Liszt's *Graner Messe* will be produced at St. Eustache, Paris, on the 25th inst., and a few days afterwards the veteran composer will start for London, where he is expected to arrive on April 1. *St. Elizabeth* will be performed on the 6th of the same month at the Novello Oratorio Concerts. Liszt will also be present at a reception given by Mr. Walter Bache in his honour at the Grosvenor Gallery, on the 8th; at Herr L. E. Bach's vocal and orchestral Concert on the 9th; and at the Crystal Palace on April 10th, when Madame Valleria will introduce some of his vocal music.

Dr. Wylde announces a performance of *St. Elizabeth* at the annual opening concert of the London Academy of music (St. James's Hall, Wednesday afternoon, April 7th), when he will conduct the work which he was the first to introduce to the English public on June 15, 1870.

Mr. Carillon has addressed a letter to the daily papers in which he states that the collapse of Italian opera was not his fault at all. The receipts of the last and fatal Saturday night, so far from being £1300, were scarcely a tenth of that sum, and every penny of it was handed to the employés on account of their full salaries to be paid on the Monday following. Supposing this to be the fact, Mr. Carillon's case is a little less bad, and that of the orchestral players, who interrupted the performance at the risk of serious disturbance, a good deal worse than was supposed.

From the date of the same letter it appears that this country continues to be the habitation of Mr. Carillon. He is apparently staying at Brighton, recovering his shattered spirits and gathering strength for new exploits in the ozone-laden breezes of that favoured resort. It turns out, indeed, that Mr. Carillon, in spite of his French pseudonym, is a true-born Englishman, another circumstance of which this country has every reason to be proud. His real name is Cargill, and his ordinary occupation that of a chemist and money-lender combined. Legal proceedings against him are pending.

Miss Emma Busby will give a pianoforte recital on Tuesday, March 23, at 74, Courtfield Gardens; the programme including Beethoven's Sonata in A major, for pianoforte and violoncello, Chopin's Ballade in G minor, and pieces by Rameau, Handel, Scarlatti, Rubinstein, Schumann, and Brahms.

The performance given by the Sacred Harmonic Society yesterday week of Haydn's *Creation* presented no feature of special interest. Miss Annie Marriott was the soprano, and acquitted herself in a truly admirable manner. Mr. Harper Kearton was the tenor and Mr. Watkin Mills the bass.

Some very good pianoforte playing was heard at Mr. Oscar Beringer's on the 13th inst., when the students of the Academy for the higher development of this class of music displayed the results of their studies before a crowded audience of *cognoscenti*. The performers specially deserving of praise were Miss Maggie Stephenson in Schumann's *Etudes Symphoniques*; Miss Dennant, who performed Schumann's *Humoreske*; and Mr. H. R. Lewis, who ably rendered two Studies by Henselt. The programme commenced with Beethoven's *Air and Variations* in G minor, known as "Schneider Kakadu," for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, in which Miss Hartog, Mr. Wiener, and Mr. Whitehouse took part. An amusing feature was a toy symphony conducted by the composer, Mr. Franklin Taylor, and carefully played by several young ladies, with Mr. Oscar Beringer at the pianoforte, and Messrs. Wiener and Whitehouse, violin and violoncello respectively. The work, evidently written with the object in view of introducing the various toy instruments of limited resources as often as practicable, served its purpose admirably and caused much amusement.

Miss Agnes Zimmermann will give a pianoforte recital at Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, on Thursday afternoon, March 25, at 3.30. Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 101, Schumann's *Fantasie*, Op. 17, and pieces by Bach, Rameau, Scarlatti, Chopin, Rubinstein, Moszkowski, etc., will be included in the programme.

Pieces of the description of "La Dame aux Camélias" labour under the disadvantage of being too well known by their musical settings. Madame Florence Grant, however, at a special matinée at the Vaudeville Theatre, last Tuesday, proved by her refined and sympathetic acting, as the heroine of "Camille," an English version of Alexander Dumas's drama, that in spite of this obstacle it is possible to give an effective though unmusical rendering of the part.

"Atlantis, or the Lost Land," a kind of musical medley of jokes, puns, "topical songs" and the like, was produced at a Gaiety matinée, on Wednesday. The libretto by Messrs. Dalton and Genet scarcely rises above the Music Hall level, and the music by Mr. T. M. Haddon suits the libretto. This is the kind of thing which we call or allow authors to call a "new and original comic opera."

Madame Nilssen appeared for the first time this season last Wednesday, St. Patrick's Day, at the Albert Hall, and was received with enthusiasm. It seems a pity that her *rentrée* was not made in more appropriate surroundings.

PROVINCIAL.

BRIGHTON.—Mr. Max Pauer made his first appearance here on the 13th inst., and performed greatly to the satisfaction of a well-filled room. The general verdict seems to be that if not as yet in the first rank of pianists, he will certainly attain a good position when some asperities of style have disappeared, and when more breadth and mellowness have been gained. The *début* was distinctly successful.—On the 15th M. de Pachmann was heard in a recital at the Dome, which is much too large for a concert of this kind, and consequently the effect was not as great as when he performed in the smaller Pavilion room. However, the celebrated Russian pianist played his best, and delighted his audience.—On the 13th Mr. E. de Paris gave the first of a new set of trio meetings for the performance of chamber music by piano pupils, playing with professors.

BRISTOL.—On the 15th inst., the second of the local "Monday Pops" took place. The scheme included Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* Overture and Scherzo, Beethoven's Symphony in D, and Auber's Overture to *Le Maçon*. Amongst smaller items were Saint-Saëns's "Prélude du Déluge" and Paganini's "Il moto perpetuo," given by all the strings. These numbers were remarkably well rendered by the sixty performers conducted by Mr. Riseley. Mr. Walter Macfarren played his own Concertstück in E minor and major, heard before at these concerts, and by way of an encore a short Gavotte likewise from his own pen. The vocalists were Miss Fryer, R.A.M., who was heard in an "Ave Maria" by Luzzi, and Sullivan's "My dearest heart;" and Mr. Thomas (the bass from the Cathedral), who gave fine renderings of "Honour and Arms" and Pinsuti's "The night watch." The only thing wanting to make the occasion a complete success was a crowded room. Thus far the support given to these concerts has been anything but encouraging, and should the managers see fit to discontinue the performances after this season, nobody but the public themselves will be to blame.—Mr. Edward de Jong gives a ballad concert on Saturday, with Sims Reeves as chief attraction.

GLASGOW.—At the monthly dinner of the Glasgow Society of Musicians the musical features of the programme were the perform-

ance of Brahms's Quintet, for pianoforte and strings, by Messrs. Woolnoth, Cole, Daly, Iff, and Walton; and a performance of Liszt's difficult Polonaise in E, by Mr. Fred. Turner.—On Wednesday, March 10, the Amateur Orchestral Society of Glasgow gave their second open rehearsal in the Waterloo Rooms before a large and brilliant audience. The orchestra consisted of ten first violins, ten second violins, four violas, five cellos, three basses, two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, three horns, two trumpets, one tympanum, and one trombone. The programme embraced Beethoven's Overture to *Prometheus*, two movements from Concerto in D minor, for strings, by Bach, Gounod's Overture to *Mireille*, F. Lachner's Suite in D minor, Op. 113, and E. Prout's Minuet and Trio, Op. 14. Miss Dixon, of Leipsic, was the vocalist, and Mr. W. T. Hoeck conducted.—Church choirs and other amateur societies are busily engaged in public performances, the annual recurrence of which is found to have a stimulating effect on the members, but which do not from an artistic point of view call for special comment. At one of these given by the ladies' choir of the Hillhead Church, under their new conductor, Mr. Richmond, a prominent amateur, the chorus sang with good tone and feeling the song of Houris, from the *Paradise and Peri*, by Schumann, and a setting of the 67th Psalm, by Hume. The organist of the church, Mr. McCulley, played Chopin's A flat Ballade with intelligence and taste, greater apparently than that of the fashionable audience which kept up a running fire of talk during all the pianoforte solos.—The Glasgow Kyrle Society gave its annual concert on the 18th, when J. F. Barnett's "Building of the Ship" was performed, and on the same evening the Greenhead Church Choir gave a performance of Weber's Service in G, and portions of Haydn's *Creation*.—A Mr. Temple, of Glasgow, zealous in the cause of the spread of music among the masses, announces the successful construction of a cheap and efficient substitute for the pianoforte, designed to meet the needs of the working class. The invention comes as a natural result of the instruction in pianoforte playing now made accessible to all classes in our Board Schools. The home of the working man is no longer safe from the invasion of the tinkling, thrumming, and drumming on the piano, considered by some to be one of the curses of civilization. How far the kind of music made easy by Tonic-Sol-Fa notation, and cheap by such inventions as that of Mr. Temple, is likely to foster and awaken a real feeling for good art, is however another matter.

GLOUCESTER.—The Glocum Vocal Quartet gave the third and last concert of their second season at the Shire Hall on March 2, when Messrs. Cooke, Evans, Wood, and Phillips sang an excellent selection of glees and madrigals. The solo vocalists were Miss J. Hyde and Mr. Watkin Mills. The former fully confirmed her success of last year in her rendering of "As when the dove," from *Acis and Galatea*, "Little Maiden," by the late Madame Sainton Dolby, and "Power of night" (the latter accompanied by the composer, Mr. A. H. Brewer). Mr. Mills sang with good effect Pinsuti's "Bedouin's love song," "O ruddier than the cherry," and "Non più andrai."

HUDDERSFIELD.—A violin and pianoforte Recital, in connection with Mr. Watkinson's subscription concerts, was given in the Town Hall, on Tuesday evening, the 16th inst. There was a crowded and enthusiastic audience. The instrumentalists were Herr Joachim, violinist, and M. Pachmann, pianist. Mrs. Hutchinson was the vocalist. The instrumental portion consisted of the "Kreutzer Sonata" (Beethoven), "Hungarian Dances," Nos. 1, 4, and 7, (Brahms) for violin and piano.

LIVERPOOL.—The first of the free Sunday Afternoon Organ Recitals in St. George's Hall has proved a success of the most pronounced kind. Long before the time fixed for the commencement of the recital, the whole of the hall, inclusive of the orchestra, was filled with a vast crowd, for the greater part of the most respectable class. The newspaper columns have been filled with reams of correspondence upon the subject, and while on the one hand it was urged that the middle classes, the shopmen and the artisans, would not appreciate the advantages offered them, on the other, it was asserted that it would draw the young people from the Sunday schools. Both these predictions have been falsified by the event; for the audience of Sunday last was unmistakably composed for the greater part of the superior working classes, while youths and young girls were conspicuous by their absence. The programme, which was entirely performed by Mr. Best, included the following items. Mendelssohn's (a) Chorale, "Sleepers, wake! a voice is calling," (b) Chorus, "How lovely are the messengers;" Sullivan's Air, "The Lost Chord;" Lux's Fantasia on the hymn "O Sanctissima;" H. Smart's Grand Solemn March; Mozart's Air and Chorus, "Agnus Dei;" and Handel's Hallelujah Chorus. The success of the opening recital has brought other good fruit, for the finance committee has recommended that so long as the free Sunday performances last, the Saturday evening recitals shall be free. Considering that this last named series, at an admission fee of threepence, brings in to the Council only £150 per annum, the rates will not suffer very much from the change, while it will serve as a very valuable means of art education to a class to whom threepence is a consideration.—The announcement of a "military" concert at Hengler's Circus, with

Mdme. Georgina Burns and Mr. Leslie Crotty as vocalists, succeeded in attracting an audience of pretty nearly five thousand persons. Why this should have been called a military concert it would be difficult to discover, unless the rendering of some selections by the Scots' Greys gave it a right to that designation; but as a ballad concert it was of a high order of merit. Mdme. Burns rendered the florid polonaise from *Mignon* with her wonted *desinvolture*, and had extreme difficulty in inducing the audience to waive their demand for a repetition, while her other numbers were given with equal brilliancy and finish. Mr. Crotty sang several well-known ballads and earned a recall in his duet with Mdme. Burns, while the Liverpool Vocalists' Union gave five part-songs in good style.

MELTON MOWBRAY.—A successful concert was given at the Corn Exchange on Friday, February 26. The vocalists were Miss Hyde and Miss Mary Waite (both pupils of the late Madame Sainton-Dolby), and Mr. Robert Hilton. Glover's duet, "O'er the hill, o'er the dale," sang by the two ladies, was favourably received, as was the selection of songs of Miss Hyde, whose rendering of "The little maiden," composed by her late instructress, deserves special mention.

SOUTHPORT.—The tenth of Mr. Cookson's series of Popular Concerts at the Cambridge Hall on Saturday last was a thorough success, and not the least pleasing feature was the *début* of Mdle. Fanny de Bouffleur, who possesses a contralto voice of considerable range and much purity, and whose method gives evidence of artistic training. Miss Jennie Sergeant sang Cowen's ballad, "Never again," with all the finish and vocal ability which has made her so popular in this part of the country. Mr. J. T. Sydney's voice has lost none of its old ring, and his rendering of Mr. Adams's "Maid of the Mill" elicited an enthusiastic recall, while Mr. T. J. Fargher was heard in Löhr's "Out on the deep," and Ridley's "Down channel." Mr. S. Claude Ridley, the instrumentalist, was set down for one pianoforte solo, which consisted of Tito Mattei's fourth valse, and this was played with good effect, calling for an encore from a proverbially cold audience. The last concert of this series will take place on Saturday, the 27th inst.

FOREIGN.

The *Gazetta Musicale* of Milan writes: "Arrigo Boito is gone to Nervi Ligure; his friends say to work at *Nerone*. The wicked do not believe it. We are amongst the wicked."

Signor Ricordi, the eminent Milan publisher, has acquired the Italia rights of Reyer's *Sigurd* and of Massenet's *Manon* and *Le Cid*.

The Royal Theatre, Antwerp, has suddenly been closed in mid-season for want of sufficient funds to carry on the performances. The event is without precedent in Antwerp; not, alas! nearer home.

The fiftieth anniversary of Halévy's *La Juive*, was lately celebrated at the Vienna Opera, by a brilliant representation, which *Le Ménestrel* contrasts with the indifferent celebration of a similar event in connection with *Les Huguenots*, lately given in Paris.

BERLIN, March 15.—Our chief and indeed only important event of late has been the performance by the Stern Choral Society of *Judith*, a lyrical drama or cantata in three acts, by M. Charles Lefebvre—a fact which may teach you that, although our patriots objected on personal grounds to Saint-Saëns, they do not extend their animosity to other French composers. The subject of *Judith* is sufficiently indicated by its title, and I need scarcely add that the Jewish heroine and her barbarous lover are the chief characters. To these should be added Osias, an Israelitish captain. Madame Moran-Olden, of Leipsic, an excellent and highly dramatic soprano, Herr Max Schwarz (baritone), and Herr Felix Schmidt were the representatives of these parts in the succession above indicated. The importance of the musical conception lies in the choruses, which, although homophonously treated, are full of power. The finale of the first part, and the double chorus in the second mark the high places of dramatic expression. The solo music is much less successful, and, with the exception of the heroine, the characters are colourless and insipid. The performance was everything that could be desired and the work was well received. The composer, and Professor Rudorff, the conductor, were presented with wreaths and flowers by the ladies of the chorus, Madame Moran-Olden, as some papers complain, being left unjustly and ungraciously without adornment.—At the concert-house a new "Aventure" Symphony in D, No. 2, by C. Grammann, was given by Mr. Mansfeld's orchestra. The movements are: *Allegro*, *Adagio ma non troppo*, *Presto*, and *Allegro moderato con fuoco*. The work is of decided merit and was much applauded, the composer acting as conductor.—The return of Madame Lucca to the stage after her long illness is eagerly looked forward to by her many admirers. The 1st of April is the approximate date.

COPENHAGEN, March 9.—The most important recent musical event has been the arrival of Edvard Grieg, who has met with an enthusiastic reception here. He has lately given several orchestral concerts, the programmes of which were largely devoted to compositions of his own; and Henrik Ibsen's drama *Per Gynt*, with incidental music, also written by the Norwegian composer, has nightly drawn full houses at the "Dagmar Theater."—The two most notable virtuosi who have lately visited this capital are the French violinist Sauret and Mr. Dreyschock, nephew of the Dreyschock of Leipsic, a young pianist of great promise, of whom the world is likely to hear more.—Madame Anna Feilberg Lassen, a vocalist well known in England, gave a concert a few days ago at Aarhus, Jutland, at which she sang Senta's ballad from the *Flying Dutchman*, "Una voce poco fa," and songs by Grieg, Mendelssohn, Rubinstein, and Gounod.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE, March 10.—Your readers must not hold me responsible for the combination of the names of Brahms and Offenbach with which I have to begin this letter. The truth is that these composers—the antipodes of music—have formed the staple of conversation for the last week. On Friday, March 5, "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" was performed for the first time at our opera. On the next evening Brahms introduced his new Symphony, No. 4, in E minor, to the frequenters of the Museum Concerts. The ear is more and more deprived of its privileges in the famous master's later compositions. Those who have studied the score of the new symphony will probably be able to fathom the depth of its conception, and to weld its detached beauties into a continuous whole, excepting always the *scherso*, which does not sound well, and is also very inferior as regards invention. Those, on the other hand, who hear the work for the first, or even the second time, must needs be lost in its contrapuntal mazes with their rhythmical and melodic entanglements. The ear, even of the cultured musician, as I said before, finds little to delight at in all this, and the ordinary amateur who thinks it necessary to go into raptures is simply a hypocrite. Brahms's reception was such as it is always here. His appearance at the conductor's desk was greeted by a perfect storm of applause, in which the orchestra joined with a fanfare. In the course of the performance the applause grew weaker and weaker, and at the end only a small band of esoteric worshippers retained sufficient energy to clap their hands.—Offenbach's posthumous opera is remarkable for the manner in which the composer has broken with his musical past, remarkable also on account of Monsieur Jules Barbier's libretto, which is a very eccentric production. The fantastic and original poet, E. T. A. Hoffmann, is, if possible, more popular in France than in Germany, and relying upon this M. Barbier has made him the hero of his work, but, curiously enough, not in a dramatic but in a special sense. Hoffman appears in the first act and tells his friends some adventures and love stories from his published tales, and these same incidents are brought upon the stage in the subsequent acts. The whole is treated in a very episodic manner, and various kinds of devilry are introduced. Offenbach in his music grows more refined in the same measure as he grows more unlike himself. His work in consequence loses much individuality. At the same time there are some lovely melodies, and the instrumentation is simply masterly. The performance, in which Frau Hanfstängl was prominent, left little to be desired, and was favourably received.—Of private concerts I only mention that of Flora Eibenschütz, the youthful pianist, aged thirteen. Although she does not set up as an *enfant prodige*, some of her technical feats were truly prodigious, and Madame Schumann, who was present at the concert, immediately declared herself willing to undertake the further instruction of the talented girl. Frankfort is well known for its benevolence, and sufficient money for the purpose was raised without difficulty.

PARIS.—A change in the prospective arrangements of the Opéra Comique has become necessary in consequence of the illness of M. Danbé, whose services in the production of *Maitre Ambros*, cannot, be prudently dispensed with. M. Charles Lecocq's lighter work, *Plutus*, and probably also the *Midsummer Night's Dream* will therefore take precedence of Widor's opera, and it is not likely that *Maitre Ambros* will be submitted to the public until a few days after the 15th of next month. The delay has also afforded an opportunity for the reconsideration of the cast of the latter opera, in which respect certain alterations have been found desirable; and M. Carvalho has decided to secure Madame Caroline Salla, who, it will be remembered created *Françoise de Rimini*, for the part of Nella, in place of Mlle. Emma Calvé. It is probable also, that if M. Taskin decides to sing in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the part of hero in *Maitre Ambros*, originally assigned to him, will be undertaken by Bouvet, who lately achieved a success in *Richard Cœur de Lion*.—With regard to Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini*, owing to the amount of study necessary for the adequate presentation of this opera, there is small chance of our hearing it before next season.—At last Sunday's Châtelet concert, Sarasate performed Mendelssohn's Concerto, and pieces by Saint-Saëns and Wagner. Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique* was also given under the conductorship of M. Colonne.—At the concert at the Eden Théâtre on the same day, Madame Brunet-Lafleur and M. Van Dyck

assisted at the repetition of the selection from the *Walküre*. The programme also included the Allegretto Scherzando from Beethoven's Symphony in F, and Niels Gade's overture to *Michael Angelo*. M. Lamoureux conducted.

ST. PETERSBURG.—Virginie Zucchi, the dancer is just now all the rage. The receipts on the evening of her benefit exceeded 7000 roubles, and the occasion obtained additional interest from the production of a new ballet, *Ordre du Roi*, founded by Petipa upon Delibes's opera-comique, *Le Roi Pa dit*. The brightness of the music, written by Albert Vinentini, contributed materially to the success of the performance, and gave cause for the remark that the operatic stage would probably have been the gainer had he devoted his energies exclusively to composition of that class.

NEW YORK, March 3.—The past opera week has been destitute of noteworthy events, with the exception of the production last Monday night of Delibes's *Lakmé*, of the success of which you have already been informed. This opera bids fair to prove the most attractive of the works presented by the American Opera Company during the season, and Mdme. L'Allemand in the title-rôle has achieved a conspicuous success. The opening performance obtained additional éclat by the announcement that the proceeds would be devoted to the Home for the Relief of the Destitute Blind of New York. Another repetition of the *Magic Flute* was given on Wednesday night; the *Merry Wives of Windsor* on Friday night; *Lohengrin* on Saturday afternoon; *Lakmé* will be performed again to-night, and at next Saturday's matinée.—At the Metropolitan the German Opera Company has been occupied with more or less familiar works, including, *Faust*, *Rienzi*, *Tannhäuser*, and *The Queen of Sheba*. On Friday *Die Walküre* will be given; and on Saturday the season, which began on November 23, will terminate with another performance of the *Queen of Sheba*. Some idea of the activity displayed by this excellent company may be formed from the following summary of work accomplished during this and the previous season:—

Composer.	Opera.	Performances.	
		1884-5.	1885-6.
Wagner.....	Tannhäuser	9	4
	Lohengrin	9	5
	Die Walküre	7	4
	Die Meistersinger	—	7
	Rienzi	—	7
Meyerbeer	Der Prophet	9	3
	Die Hugenotten.....	5	—
Halévy	Die Jüdin	5	—
Beethoven	Fidelio	3	—
Rossini	Tell	3	—
Auber	Masaniello	3	—
Mozart	Don Giovanni	2	—
Weber	Der Freischütz	1	—
Verdi	Rigoletto	1	—
Goldmark.....	Die Königin von Saba	—	15
Gounod.....	Faust	—	5
Bizet	Carmen	—	2

Totals: First season—12 works, 57 performances; second season—9 works, 52 performances.

—Franz Rummel, who, to use an American euphemism, is at present "concertizing" here, gave the first of two pianoforte recitals last Wednesday at Steinway Hall, when the programme included Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 53, Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, and selections from Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Raff, and others. A numerous audience assembled, and the concert was in every respect a success. The second recital takes place to-day.—A somewhat disappointing audience attended the concert lately given at the Metropolitan Opera House for the benefit of the chorus of the German opera. —Another concert, still more interesting from a musical point of view, was that given last Thursday by Herr Seidl, in aid of the fund for the continuation of the Bayreuth Stage Festival Plays, which was fairly attended. The Americans have on many occasions proved that they have an "open mind" in musical matters, and that they are quick to seize the salient points and beauties presented by the art in its most modern development. The insertion in the programme, therefore, of the "Good Friday Spell," from *Parsifal*, and of Siegfried's "Death March," from *Götterdämmerung*, well befitted the occasion, and the excerpts were heard with unmistakable signs of intelligent appreciation. Herr Stritt, Fl. Lilli Lehmann, and Frau Krauss, and Fräulein Lehmann were the vocalists, the last three rendering with much effect the trio of the Rhinedaughters. The orchestra was composed of 114 musicians from the Metropolitan Opera House, Philharmonic, and Symphony Concerts. Upon the stage was a bust of Wagner crowned with wreaths. Earlier in the evening good performances were given of the "Eroica" Symphony and the Overture to *Leonora*.

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